

The Colonade



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The Colonnade

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Over the Editor's Shoulder . . .

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! Be it known that this November, 1944 issue of The Colonnade is dedicated to the Class of '48, who we feel are quite an addition to our campus. By this time, the handles on the big front door have been polished up many times in welcome to you freshmen, but we couldn't miss getting in our two cents worth. (You can keep the change!) After having lived at S.T.C. for two months now, we are quite sure you know your way around, but we can't resist sticking in a few words of advice, which you are most welcome to take if you haven't figured out the answers yet.

- (1). Keep your professors happy by attending classes as often as possible, and by having your lessons prepared. (You'd be surprised how much this counts with them!)
- (2). The quiet little girl down the hall might prove to be a mighty interesting gal if you'd get to know her better.
- (3). Some of that time on your hands can turn into a lot of fun and something worthwhile if you take on an extra-curricular activity in which you're interested. Don't sit back and wait to be invited; go ahead and try out!

We could go on like this for pages, but we hope you get the general idea. The best of luck to you, Freshmen! Now for a word or two about what goes on inside the covers of The Colonnade. We wish to extend our heartiest congrats to the Short Story Contest winners, Ann Masloff and Betty Cock just couldn't be "beat", so our judges called it a tie for first place. Margaret Wilson and Fay Johnson drew second and third places, respectively. We're also very proud of Va. Terrell's illustration of Ann's story, just in case you wondered who the artist is. And Mary Lou's Cover Girl this month, needless to say, represents any Freshmen along about 3 o'clock on Mon., Thurs., and Fri. We'd like to remind all of you readers that The Colonnade is your magazine, so please give us your suggestions and contributions. Remember too, the Poetry Contest ends December 16. The Colonnade Box, beneath the Auditorium bulletin board, is ready and waiting!

Jane Knapton

You --- Quand Meme

DEAN MARTHA SMITH SMITH



"YOU are what you are because of heredity--because your parents were what they were and your grandparents what they were, etc.," says the hereditarian.

"The explanation of human behavior lies in environment," says the behaviorist. "Man reacts to his environmental stimuli—and thus he is."

If the schools of psychology satisfied us, we would not be groping constantly for other explanations, or modifications of these explanations, of human behavior.

"There is a third factor," says Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. He calls it "Response." Man succeeds or fails because of his response to his environment and / or his heredity. Man is what he is because of what he does with his inheritance and environment.

And when we turn to proponents of other fields of thought, each expounding a theory—none very satisfying to many of us or we should not continue to seek a third factor.

A tramp thought attracts me: You are what you are because the Real You is asserting itself—You, quand meme—You, in spite of any or all obstacles that heredity and environment may put into your path—You, in spite of everything, through thick and thin, at any price! The Real You is the Divine Spark, the Eternal You, the undying You made in the image and likeness of God—You, the composite of what William McDougall as leader of the purposivistic psychologists terms your "mental forces, the sources of energy which sets the ends and sustains the course of all human activity;" your intelligence, wisdom understanding, humor, capacity for friendship, for companionship—all the identifying phases of the spiritual You which physical handicaps and ill health need not affect. You, unscathed! You, quand meme!

This is not a Mary Lane Column, but for you young people seeking advice from us older ones as to whether to marry now or wait until the war is ended, it seems to me

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that the solution to a part of your problem lies in whether or not you can differentiate between material and spiritual man. If you are concerned merely with physical beauty, you had better wait; but the spiritual man will return untouched by bullet wounds and broken bones—quand meme! It is in times like these that women have their finest opportunity for showing the stuff of which they are made.

Women have always set the tone of society. If women's standards are low, so are society's. Moral values and social custom are in women's hands. The mad demand for fur coats and diamonds today is indicative of narrow, selfish living. Physical adornment is prompted by vanity, which feeds upon a consciousness of material man. The tone of society should be on a higher plane. Our standards should not be standards of existence, but standards of living in terms of behavior and mind and spirit.

Spiritual man has ever been able to rise above material man. If not, then how have personalities like Robert Louis Stevenson and Helen Keller, and many another, broken through the darkest clouds of misfortune and ill health to challenge admiration, quand meme!

Washington Irving, Thoreau, Sidney Lanier, while weakened by tuberculosis, brought their art to its highest florescence. In a voice scarcely above a whisper, Sidney Lanier, seated in an invalid's chair, gave inspiring lectures to his classes at John Hopkins.

Poe, himself ill and suffering from lack of suitable food and medical care, ministered to his beloved Virginia as she lay dying of consumption on a bed of straw with Poe's one coat as her only covering! In the years that followed this tragedy Poe gave us Ulalume, Annie, and Annabel Lee.

Francis Parkman, our notable historian, and incidentally a Phi Beta Kappa from Harvard, was an invalid most of his life. Threatened with blindness he was allowed only five minutes for work each day. Experimenting, he discovered that by working one minute and resting the next, he could prolong the five minutes to ten, and the ten to twenty! Perhaps the supreme example of silent heroism in Helen Keller, blind and deaf—but an author, quand meme!

You who believe that these great men and women were spiritually handicapped, and that under more favorable circumstances, could have brought their art to an even higher level, can find psychologists to support your theory—but there are also those psychologists who will agree with me that the spirit of these people exercised sovereignty, quand meme!

Many young women whose name the world does not know, have from time to time, come to my office for advice. Their handicaps have been very real to them. Yet, once they have been convinced that there is a third factor, a "response" to heredity (as Dr. Fosdick puts it), a chance for success, quand meme, they have gone out and achieved a superiority to circumstance.

Call that third factor "Response," if you like, but as for me, let me think of it as my tramp thought has presented it: You, quand meme!

—The End

Ann Snyder's Page

DURING her senior year, Ann Snyder of the Class of 1944, studied the forms of English verse as the subject of her honors course in English and wrote some thirty poems to exemplify the various forms. The poems on this page are taken from her volume.

Native Again

Let me race with the wind and the rain;
Oh, let me be free and native again;
Let me face the spray of the sea
And cold and wet forever be.

I love the storm and its wild refrain;
I want to be free and native again;
To feel the savage force of the wind
As the trees to the sea forever bend.

If I'm weary and baffled I won't complain.
Just let me be free and native again.
Give me the strength to lose my poise,
And give me the clamor of the wild storm's noise.

I Hear Music

From distant lands, from the moon, from far away places
Vague music drifts to me.
It is a touch of delicate perfume
Enveloping and settling about like waves of the sea.
Sometimes when everything is drowsy and still,
Listen to the sound—the mournful wind.
Listen to the pleading sound of mystic shadows,
And at night listen to the ghostly whine of an organ
When no one is at her console.
I hear music—strange music.



Two years in the "clink" had left my mouth lined and grim. I hardly knew the nervous, veneered fellow staring from the looking glass.

One Step Ahead

ANN MASLOFF

First Prize in Short Story Contest

I HAD made up my mind. I mashed out my cigarette and kicked back the covers. Sitting on the edge of the bed, I paused, sighed once more, and braced myself. What was it she had said? With monotonous precision I tortured myself again with the agonizing thought. Her vibrant voice led my ears from nowhere—"Johnny, I'll wait". Huh, what made me believe her? Hadn't I found out long before what a lying, feline witch she was?

"Come on, Johnny. You know she had you under her thumb from the moment she bewitched you with her green eyes! Lies or no lies, you always came back!"—That's my conscience. Come back always? Sure I did! And I'm coming back again this time. I gave my tie a final tug, crammed on my hat, and slipped the automatic into my pocket. Pausing, I glanced at my mirrored reflection. Two years in the "clink" had left my mouth lined and grim. I hardly knew the nervous, veneered fellow staring from the looking glass.

Slamming the door, I hurried down the stairs, heedless of Mrs. O'Neill's call. Who minds a landlady! What was it she had said?

"Can it, will yuh!" I screamed inwardly, desperately attempting to stifle my thoughts.

"Remember how you'd almost got her once? It was that night after the fight at *Charlie's*?" The inner voice bragged. "But she was slick, too. One step ahead she was. Slipped out on you again, didn't she?" Always beating me to the draw. Well, I'll show her who's dealing this time. She played her last card when she married Harry.

It was raining when I caught the train. I pulled my coat collar around my neck.

Without an overcoat, I felt the damp January chill cut me to the marrow, and I shivered as I sank into my seat. My icy revolver struck my hip. I was filled with a sense of finality, but suddenly I was urged to look at the faces about me. A kid smiled at me from across the aisle, and I was shocked to feel a pang of—But what was it anyway? "Getting soft, Johnny?" whispered the voice. Steeling myself, I turned and started outside the window. The scene was dismal and desolate. The houses and other objects appeared surrealistic in the dying, rainy light. Suddenly the rain struck the window pane with such furious intensity that the outer scene vanished, as when a curtain is drawn across a stage.

I fell asleep then. And in a dream I saw her as she was when I first met her—selling hot dogs at *Nick's Place*. She had on that same red dress and those funny dangling earrings. She was laughing at me, and I began to chase her; yet, she was ever unattainable. At last she ran far from me and sat on a cloud, still laughing. That was all. But the dream never bothered me any. Hell, I don't set much store by such baloney! I knew we were due there in five minutes and despite my bravado, beads of sweat popped out on my forehead. I wiped them off as the conductor shouted that we were there.

It didn't take me long to get out and find my way around. I knew the joint as well as any Catholic his catechism. Down by *Jake's Seafood Market* I found Gil. Gil still had his taxi, I saw, so I hailed him.

"Where in the hell did you come from?" he asked.

"Don't tell me you remember me? I've been away too long—on a two year vacation."

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He laughed.

"Yeah, I remember", he said. "Think you might take up where you left off with that drawing business—what was it? Cartoons for the *Mercury*?"

"Cartoons?" I corrected him. "Dammit, no. I've got **big** business on my hands."

"Oh, I get yuh. Ain't that green-eyed babe, maybe?"

That's what did it. Abruptly I nodded and started up Fifth Street. I remember I left Gil standing by the imitation fish which pointed to ***Jake's Market***. He looked as if he'd just been slapped.

Mrs. Harry Trumaine, she was now. Hot stuff. Guess she finally got all those diamonds and fluffs she always gassed about. Hell. I might have known she'd never wait for a bum like me. But who the hell was *she*? Didn't I get her that fancy job at ***Charlie's***? Yeah, she would wait! Well, babe, sit tight. I'm coming — and with a surprise.

I found her address in the phone directory at ***Charlie's***—726 Cedar Drive.

The taxi dropped me off two blocks from the house. As I told you before, I knew my way. It didn't take me long to get to the Trumaine mansion. By the time I walk-

ed up the last flight of white stone steps, I was prepared. Despite a slight trembling, I had my courage screwed to the sticking place. I rang the bell. Seconds ticked off. I felt I had grown old. I brushed some lint from my sleeve. At length the door slowly opened. A trim maid raised an eyebrow and looked askance. For some reason she seemed crushed. In fact, the whole atmosphere seemed pervaded with gloom, as dark and foreboding as the recesses of the interior of the spacious hall behind her. For a moment I looked at her before I spoke.

Then determinedly, almost ruthlessly I asked: "Is Mrs. Trumaine in? I must see her at once!" And, then I added sardonically, "An old acquaintance".

I wondered then why she frowned so darkly. Now I know. In a lisping, soft voice she answered me. "Sir, don't you know? Mrs. Trumaine killed herself last night."

My hand dropped from the hilt of the automatic I had unconsciously clutched on the opening of the door. What was it my conscience had so repeatedly told me? "One step ahead",—was that it? I said nothing. I left the Trumaine grounds. When I sat down at the bar at Charlie's, the juke box was playing noisily.

L'Ennui

SARA MOLING

There is no quiet spot where I can go;
No lovely loneliness is mine this day . . .
Dusk falls, but brings to me no star nor
glow
Nor wistful, searching light along my way
To guide the groping of my darkening soul
Beyond persistent never-ending swirls
Of battle sounds that surge and sigh and
roll
Through vast infinity. Ah, love, smoke-curls
From ashes of dead dreams rise in the air—
And I can only guess that you are there.



She was perched atop a huge trunk that rested on its side against the inner wall of the ticket office.

The Patriotic Venture

BETTY DEUEL COCK

First Prize in Short Story Contest

IT'S funny as everything how people can misinterpret things they read in the newspaper and magazine articles. And particularly things about the War. Now don't think this is going to be any every-day run-of-the-mill War Story with heroes who don't come back, or spies captured aboard the Flying Fortress, or a herd of Jeeps arriving at the last crucial moment: 'cause it isn't. This is just a plain, somewhat out of the ordinary account of something that happened to us in high school. Something that *could* have happened to anybody. The war played a vital part in the beginning, but before we were through, we

hardly knew there was even a war on.

To begin with, some British organization similar to our Red Cross had sent out all this information and literature . . . pamphlets and leaflets and posters and stuff . . . in a drive to get us tender-hearted Americans to adopt British war orphans. It sounded like a grand idea . . . adoption by remote control or something, and we had all read about how much it cost per month to keep one baby. Food was considered, and clothes, and one of the articles read something like this, "Think of the jolly good times you can have shopping for your ward, in a country where

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clothing is as yet unrationed; providing necessities for a little one who has nobody else to whom it may turn for shelter from the weather."

Yes, it sounded grand, and our Home Ec Club got real enthusiastic about it, and I'll never forget the meeting during which we decided to do "our part".

Judy Blane was president, and her mother was president of almost every organization in town that had to do with war relief or anything similar. So Judy had been the victim of many practice speeches, and was quite "up" on how to convince an organization effectively.

"Fellow-members," she began, "I speak to you, not from the chair, as your president, but from the other side of the world, as a British mother. I beg of you, picture my baby . . . frail and underfed, cold and under-clothed," (here some of us snickered) "crying his little heart out because no one in America has been generous enough to adopt him as her charge and to care for him from across the sea. So many organizations are adopting British Wards . . . do I hear a motion that we, as an organization, and in the name of kindness and Christianity, adopt one British war orphan for the small amount of \$60.00 per month?"

Well, honestly! She sounded like she was auctioning things off at a rummage sale!

I was pretty much disgusted, but our faculty advisor wasn't there, and somehow Judy touched the somewhat taut heart-strings of a majority, and before I knew it, the motion was made, seconded, discussed, and passed. I didn't care how many orphans they adopted. What I was concerned with was where in thunder we were going to raise sixty dollars every month. But I had to admit that it did sound interesting. You see, as we understood it, we were to send the money monthly to the people in charge, and they would see to the child's food and clothing and all, and then in addition, we thought we could buy little extras for our baby and ship them over to England. After some discussion, we realized that we had to wait until we found out the age and sex of our protege before we could go in for layette shop-

ping, but some of the gang headed for a toy store right after school and bought a teddy bear and a big rag-doll, and got us all the more excited about it . . . and we really felt like good old American saints. Even our parents were enthusiastic over the ideas, and promised to have drives for us if we fell short of the sixty-per-month quota.

So time went by, and we had a big dance and made well over the required amount that first month. We started a defense stamp book and kept it in the Home Ec. teacher's desk, and added stamps to it at will so that we could buy him (or her) a bond or two, for his future. The baby, of course, would be handed down each year until the war was over, by the graduating members of the club and thus far things looked pretty promising for one young Britisher's early years.

Well, as time went by, somehow Judy Blane fell out of our good graces, and at the next election, they made me president. So it was my name that signed the check that first went to the British organization. And it was I who received the letter which I shall here quote in part:

"Dear Patriot:

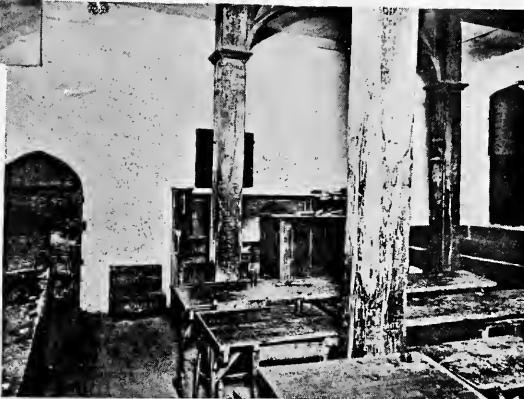
Your prompt response to the plea of our members is keenly felt and appreciated. Your check has been received and will be put to use in the usual manner at once.

"Your Ward is Elsa Osbourne, age 14 months, clothing size, two years. Hair, light; eyes, blue. Sex, female. Disposition, good. Health, excellent. Mentality, fair. Parents of excellent families, immediate family killed in bombing raid, March, 1942.

"The recommendations which you sent have been carefully checked, and we consider you worthy to be trusted with the above Ward . . ."

There was a lot more to it, including "God bless you" and that letter made us like the idea even more than ever. There was only one part I didn't understand, and that was about the picture. It said that as soon as she could be photographed, *she* would be transported to us. Judy thought it was nice of them to send us a picture of her, but the way the letter sounded to me,

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HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS

Scenes from Eton

"**G**UESS I'm a pretty lucky gal since I received an appointment in one of the Rest Areas. If I could only do justice to the description and bring a real and living picture of what you folks back home are providing for the men in these Rest and Convalescent Homes—Red Cross takes over large manors surrounded by acres of lawns (lawns that can only look like they do here with hundreds of years of attention), beautiful formal gardens with flowers that make a picture—the manors are enormous, palatial and magnificent, huge fireplaces in each room. The one I'm in now has 14 downstairs rooms, furnished with deep chairs, long soft divans. We boat, swim, horseback ride, picnic, tennis, softball, ping-pong, bicycle, golf, play cards, have barbecues, invite the local and landed gentry for tea while our boys have a grand time being host. Fruit juice is served the boys in bed at nine; if they want to roll over, sleep and skip breakfast, they can . . . there is always coffee and cake at eleven in front of an open fire, everyone reading the daily papers. The writing room is quiet and inviting . . . lunch is at one and a hearty man's tea at four-thirty, which is the coziest time of the day. Dinner is at eight, which is often served out-of-doors on the terrace.

"You see, when we get these boys in from com-

bat or convalescent, they are given civilian clothes—routines fly by the board, army and navy life forgotten. The boys often gain 12 or 15 pounds in two weeks. It's such great compensation to watch hands stop shaking, laughter coming easily and tight lines around eyes ironing out. They romp and play all day like puppies, and fall into good beds tired enough to sleep. They, of course, hate leaving as much as it tears our hearts to send them off again, but at least we know they've had two weeks of heaven, remembering and doing those things that make the picture of home come back into focus again. They renew their confidence in what they are fighting for.

"We, the Red Cross gals, romp, laugh, tease, 'quarrel' and pamper them into their rightful place once more of being individuals where they are loved and waited on. The girls all wear civilian clothes, slacks and shorts and play clothes in the daytime, but always dress for dinner; a bit of ruffle or wee touch of lace and bright hair ribbons always bring smiles and cheers. It all adds up to their coming home for two weeks — a spot of heaven in the middle of the long, gruelling nerve and bodily rigorous combat duty they've been in and will go back to. They often unashamedly tell you goodbye with tears in their eyes and swear

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Reims Cathedral, France

they will haunt every building with a Red Cross sign from now on until they run into us again. After all we are favorite sisters to a lot of lonesome American soldiers.

"I really must stop this, and get along with my candy-making. I am hearing angry buzzing and if I listen closely, I can hear, 'Rebel, you lazy Southerner, cut out your goldbricking and start moving the cooking pans . . .'"

—Phyllis Pedigo
American Red Cross

Somewhere in England

France
September 14, 1944

"Please find enclosed a packet of French flora, gathered during a two-hour hike this afternoon. It was a casual sort of hike during which most of the boys picked apples along the way while I picked flowers. There were lots of blackberries, but they take too much care of thorns to be picked on the march.

It's been a sort of rainy, cloudy day which has now cleared off into a pleasant summer's day. Some French customs and equipment are still of interest. Two-wheeled wagons for example. They are almost universal, from smart buggies for two to huge wagons for hauling hay. Another is the white stone marker used to mark the roads at each kilometer between towns. A kilometer is about .52 of a mile and is pleasant to march to if one assumes the figures means miles. The miles thus pass very quickly."

France
September 25, 1944

"A rather longish walk I have been on has reminded me again of the pleasantness of the French people and prettiness of the French girls. One carriage (2 wheels) I passed had in it an elderly woman and a pretty girl of about 12. She sat

primly in the seat, smilingly shyly at us, and making the whole scene look like something out of the 18th Century. When the group stopped for a rest, an old woman with 2 boys of 4 and 5 walked along the line, the 2 boys gravely and smilingly shaking hands with each man. At the same place another boy passed out a basket full of apples. It's a nice country."

Dr. Merritt to Mrs. Merritt

The Pacific

"The best way to get a girl married is like one of the native tribes out here. It's the easiest, anyway. The bridegroom-to-be has to promise that he'll make the girl do his work and all that, and he has to give her father one or more pigs, depending on the size of the girl. The large girls cost more pigs than the small ones. Now that's the way to do business. What do you think?"

Lt. Bob Dalrymple to Poguey Massey

"The Red Cross has a swell club in Rome and conducts a tour of the most interesting places. We took this tour and visited the Pantheon, the Roman Forum where Julius Caesar lived and died, the Catacombs where early Christians met, hid, and were buried. St. Peter and St. Paul were originally buried here, but later their remains were moved to the churches that bear their names. The Vatican City and St. Peter's Church there would take days to describe in detail."

"We had an audience with the Pope, and the room was crowded with soldiers, sailors, nurses, and Wacs of many nations. The Pope greeted and blessed us in French, Italian, and English, and delivered a short message in Latin. About five

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Years of Honor

MARGARET WILSON

Second Prize In Short Story Contest

THE old gentleman sat on his front porch with his knees crossed, and his white panama hat resting precariously over his eyes as a protection from the glare of the setting sun. He was chewing intermittently upon a half dead pipe.

I listened intently, afraid that an unguarded word or movement might break the spell which held him. It was of the past he spoke. And as he spoke, I realized that few people still lived who knew and loved as he did, that era of the old South. It was an age of aristocracy and poor-whites, of birth and breeding, of arrogance and graceful life, of King Cotton and Queen tobacco, of lazy, laughing negroes, black beneath the Southern sun.

At the time of which he spoke, the terrifying legend of Yankee bestiality had not yet been created. There was contempt for the inferior standards of the Northern industrialists. But hate and savage desire for vengeance had not let left their stamp upon the souls and minds of Southern men. There was room still in their scheme of life for blooded horses, sparkling mint juleps, and fine mansions. Men with deadly pistols still faced each other with tight lips, ready to defend their own personal honor, as well as that of their women.

It was of "family" that Mr. Sam spoke, of the proud heritage which was his, of the great minds and sound bodies which had brought to the Old South wealth, security, and position. He spoke of the daring of gallant rogues who had added romance and adventure — of the beauty of gracious ladies, who had added warmth and charm. But a deeper, more serious pride rang in his voice when he spoke of "the lost cause" to which others of his line had given so lovingly of themselves.

Just here his words took on a new tone. Contempt became mingled with pride as his eyes blazed with the excitement of battles

re-fought, and exploits re-lived.

As he sat there, talking more to himself than to the entranced listener at his feet, I, too, deplored the loss of those fine old antebellum things which he still felt should be his. His present theme was the arrogance and steadfastness of his maternal grandfather, Tom Harper.

"My child," was his austere opening, "across this very porch have echoed the infamous trampings of plundering Yankee rabble. However, be it said to their eternal credit that even the most degraded of men will bow to a true gentleman." And so the story began.

That Wednesday afternoon in the summer of 1864 even the big guns at Petersburg, which had shaken the surrounding country since dawn, had ceased firing. A tense silence seemed to smother the long straight avenue of giant oaks, which for a hundred years had directed travelers to the sprawling white mansion, and had given their name, "the Oaks", to the plantation.

The sultry stillness outside the house was even more tense within. Behind the closed doors of the library, the figure of an elderly man paced rapidly from the window to the fireplace, and back again. Incoherent rage fairly blazed in the air about him. Fury showed itself in the slightly lowered head, the length of his great stride, the rigidity of the fingers clenched behind his back.

Above the mantel hung the ornate, gold-leaf frame of what was evidently a valuable portrait. But the face had been turned to the wall!

In a corner of the room cowered a terrified old slave, whose eyes were filled with apprehension and self-accusation, for he had been the unthinking cause of his master's rage.

Dolphus knew that the name of the man whose portrait hung facing the wall in the

THE COLONNADE

library was not to be mentioned within the hearing of "the ole Massa". Yet, having watched "Col'n" Stuart grow from a lovable, reckless boy into a handsome, courageous man, he had allowed a chance word that day to betray him into a moment of reminiscence.

Stuart Harper had delivered his crushing ultimatum to his father on just such a sultry day as this almost three years before, and had ridden north to accept a commission in the Union Army. Since that day, Mr. Tom had forbidden any reference to his eldest son by any member of his household. Even the house became filled with an atmosphere of bitterness and defeat. Two sons had fought and died gloriously, giving their lives for a cause against which their eldest and most loved brother was then fighting.

In compliance with the tearful pleadings of his mother, the portrait of young Stuart Harper remained in its accustomed place above the mantel. But the face was always to the wall, so that it would no longer strike at the heart and pride of the father.

The quiet at "the Oaks" had been tense and strained, but for months now, there had been nothing else to remind its occupants of the tragedy of the broken family, the fallen pride, and the deep bitterness which were there. The negro slaves, with their genius for living in the present, had all but forgotten their terror of the time when even a word of the young son carried with it the danger of "Marse Tom's" wrath.

Today Dolphus discovered a litter of new-born puppies, hidden behind an old wagon in the stables. The graceful body of the mother, sleek and shining, and bouncing with delight at Dolphus' obvious admiration of her offspring, awakened fond memories in the mind of the old slave. He had, so many times, followed young Stuart Harper, as he walked through the thick Brunswick woods with Belle bounding before him.

Although Dolphus knew nothing of pedigrees, he knew that the dog was beautiful, and that his young master had loved her. Gathering up the puppies in his arms,

he rushed to old Massa Tom, and as he looked up into his face, the words tumbled out.

"Oh, Marse Tom, Marse Stuart would be plumb wild 'bout dese puppies. When you rekon dat boy be home?"

The words had scarcely left his mouth when their full implication struck him with terror. Raising his eyes from the puppies he was holding, Dolphus steeled himself for the blow which he felt must follow. He was not prepared for the terror of the riding whip, as he saw the tragic effect of his words.

The face of the man before him had congealed, and his body stiffened. Only the eyes, blazing fixedly ahead, seemed to live. Slowly, the figure turned, and without a backward glance, walked to the waiting horse.

It was hours later when Dolphus received word from the wide-eyed Becky, that he was wanted in the library. There, the full fury of Tom Harper's outraged pride turned upon the trembling slave. Long suppressed bitterness had been brought to the surface by a thoughtless exclamation, and its impact was terrible.

At this moment came a second crisis. The circle of green turf in front of the house began echoing with the hoof-beats of horses and the clank of riders dismounting. But Tom Harper did not become aware of what was taking place on the lawn until a terrified negro woman burst in the door screaming distractedly, "Lawd, Lawd, dey's heah, dey's come! Massa, Massa, dey's come!"

Still, he was too angry to take in the meaning of the interruption. Finally, the quiet voice of his wife penetrated his rage. "Mr. Harper," she said, "the Yankees have come. They are on the front porch. What shall I do?"

The question was one of formality only, for sounds of heavy boots in the bedrooms above gave proof that the house was already being subjected to a systematic search for valuables.

All of the Southern fire that had been born and bred into Tom Harper and his wife combined to dictate their actions dur-

Continued on Page 28

Letter Home

BETTY DEUEL COCK

Dear Family, lend a listening ear,
And harken to my tale—
I've subtly dropped my gentle hints,
But all to nō avail.

I write home that I'm losing weight,
But do you send me "eats"?—
"That's fine!" you say, and, "keep it up!—
Cut down on all those sweets."

"The weather's warm," I oft repeat;
"Too warm for skirts, almost."
But do I find new cotton prints
Descending in a host?

My shoe-soles thinner grow each day—
(Half-soling calls for cash.)
I'll soon be bare-foot, Family dear—
Finances gone to smash!

'N' I really don't get homesick, Folks;
I'm happy anywhere;
But I could surely use the trip
If y'all would send the fare!

Guess I'll sign off for tonight.
But look—this ain't no joke:
"As the twig is **bent**, the tree's inclined"—
What if the "twig" 's **DEAD BROKE**?

skip



*"I, am a
seditious, sciolistic freshman . . ."*



*"It's Green 'n' White" on the
Plait-happy Pig-tails' . . . and
those are books in the laundry
bags . . ."*



*"I wasn't hiding from the Sopho-
mores; I was just -- hiding!"*

at!

"What's so funny, Rat? Do you like dancing on the sidewalk with strange sailors?"



"Come, Come, Sister-Rat . . . Mr. Snead can't accept all these proposals!"

"Sing, Rats! And don't stop singing 'til you reach the dining hall! SING, Rats, and . . . Praise '47!"



JULY 21, 1943

FAY JOHNSON

Third Prize In Short Story Contest

THE long, evening shadows patterned on the lawn forebode no ill tidings for her. She was very, very happy. He hadn't forgotten. He had remembered. All the world was lovely as she looked from her window, for a year ago that night they had met. And now tonight she awaited his coming with eagerness.

When she went down to him at last, she acted with such nonchalance that none could have known how very poignant that meeting was. Neither mentioned *the* day. They strolled down the street talking of other matters. They were just a bit uncomfortable in each other's presence. To be in a crowd, they stopped at Green's, the noisy hangout for the college crowd.

They sat down, ordered the usual coke, as they had done on so many, many other evenings. They were alone. They looked at each other in silence. He smoked. She sat. She was very happy and very much in love.

She noticed he wore the shirt with the cuff buttons she liked and which he declared he couldn't abide. She loved his long, slim hands and his deep, brooding eyes. She loved the way his crisp, dark hair curled at his temples. She loved the rare times he threw back his head and laughed. She loved

his quick, penetrating glance. She loved all his little gestures and habits. Oh, she loved him very much!

Occasionally they said something to each other, but most of the time they just sat. She was deep in reminiscences of all the happenings of their past happy year. At his next words her mind finally came out of its reverie into a semi-consciousness.

"What is today?"

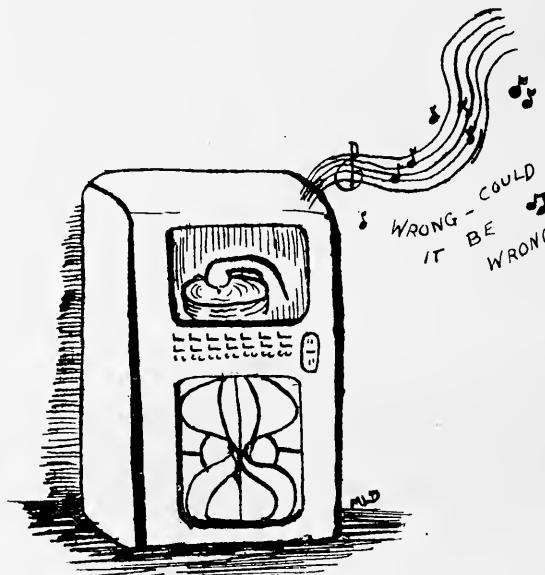
She wouldn't reply, wishing to see if he had indeed forgotten after all. But he went on imperturbably, "I know the date well enough. A year ago tonight I met you." And he went on, recalling the memories of their year together. He continued, unheard, so deep had she become in her bliss of remembrance. When her mind came slowly back, he was saying, "You know we should be absolute-

ly frank about it."

She didn't fully comprehend; she was so very happy, so deeply caught in the points of her love. Again he spoke, "Now, my dear, please understand that for all that I might say, I love you very much." A tiny fear stabbed at her heart.

" we are so much in love that sometimes we don't think at all "

Oh, what was he trying to say? The



JULY 21, 1943

tiny fear grew into a quick panic. She just looked at him dumbly with wide, wide eyes.

" . . . so I think it would be best for us not to see each other. At least for three weeks. In that time we can think. If we still feel the same way at the end of that time"

Her heart pounded. She fought for control. She strove to be natural—and oh, above all, to keep the silly tears back. Her nails dug into the clenched palms of her hands. She must not let him see, she must not let him see. "Oh, dear God, don't let me cry. Don't let him see." Suddenly the juke box blared,

"WRONG, COULD IT BE WRONG TO KISS"

"Oh God! please don't let me cry! O please, dear God!" That music—the sad crooner — her overwrought nerves could stand no further stimulation. Her eyes were filled with tears. If she could only manage to say a few words. Finally, when she did shape them, her voice was so low that he bent forward to catch the sound. She herself didn't know what they were. "It's all right . . . you can't help it . . . really. I understand"

She couldn't go on. A wild desire to get out—anywhere—to get out. That incessant song would drive her mad.

"WRONG — WOULD IT BE WRONG TO KISS, KNOWING WE FEEL LIKE THIS?" Without daring to look at him, she managed to say thickly, "Let's go." In desperation she stood up quickly.

She fought wildly to fix her gaze on something in order to gain self-control. The hands of the clock on the wall had stopped at twenty minutes to ten. She knew that that time would ever be engraved on her brain.

They were outside at last. The night was hot, so very hot and close. She panted for air. Wordlessly they crossed the street. They met their friend, the druggist, who always teased them unmercifully. As usual, he smiled knowingly and joshed, "Mr. and Mrs."

Somehow the words cut through her numbness, leaving an open slash inside. Her tears were gone. Neither said a word. They just climbed the hill side by side. It was so terribly strange. There was a stillness in the air. She looked at the familiar streets as if she had never seen them before. They walked on and on. The way to the house was endless.

At last they turned in at the walk. Halfway to the door, she turned to him, her eyes averted, "Please don't go all the way."

If only he wouldn't go all the way to the door, somehow this parting wouldn't be as final. There would still be some hope. His calm voice came from a great distance. "Yes, I will go all the way to the door."

They walked on. At the threshold they stopped.

"Goodbye," he said.

"Goodnight," she said determinedly looking into his eyes. They were remote. They were the eyes of a stranger.

Mac's Cracks

HELEN MCGUIRE

A rookie did not salute an officer and was stopped.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the officer.

"Nope, I just got here myself."

"I happen to be your commanding officer."

"That's a helluva job, Bub; don't louse it up!"

—Pinkie

* * * * *

"I know that soldier is the man for me, Mother. Everytime he takes me in his arms I can hear his heart pounding."

"Better be careful, daughter. Your Pa fooled me that way for almost a year with a dollar watch."

—Belvoir Castle

* * * * *

Teacher: "Today is Honest Abe Lincoln's birthday."

Student: "What makes you think he was honest?"

Teacher: "Everyone just knows that!"

Student: "Well, if he was so honest, why do they close the banks on his birthday?"

* * * * *

"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train.

"Those", replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

—The Eagle Eye

* * * * *

A fad that started years ago
Has now become much stronger;
For every day the women seem
To wear their legs much longer.

Clem: "I have a beautiful snakeskin belt my wife bought me . . . but I can't wear it . . . it embarrasses me."

Tom: That's silly. How can a snakeskin belt embarrass you?"

Clem: "Well, every time he opens his mouth, my pants fall down."

* * * * *

Two negroes in the field plowing, saw an airplane go over. One negro said to the other,

"John, how would you like to be up there with that thing?"

His reply was, "I sho' would hate to be up there without it."

* * * * *

BE (CLAUSE) SHE WAS STUPID

And then there was the student who thought a Santa Claus was something new in grammar.

Bright girl in English I: "You take the cup; I'll take the Chaucer."

* * * * *

TIME CHANGES ALL THINGS

1900: Wife darns husband's socks.

1940: Wife socks darn husband.

* * * * *

Pete: "What is the smallest book in the world?"

Bobby: "What?"

Pete: "Who's Who in Japan."

* * * * *

Question: "Why did the man eat electric bulbs for dinner?"

Answer: "Because his doctor told him to go on a light diet."

MAC'S CRACKS

"Now, son", said the father, "tell me why I punished you."

"That's it! First you pound hell out of me, and then you ask me why you did it!"

* * * * *

Two ambitious little fleas worked hard and saved their money. Finally the great day came when they went out and bought a dog of their own.

—Take Off

* * * * *

Cute Stuff: "My husband is in the Navy."

Hashmark: "So your anchor's aweigh?"

* * * * *

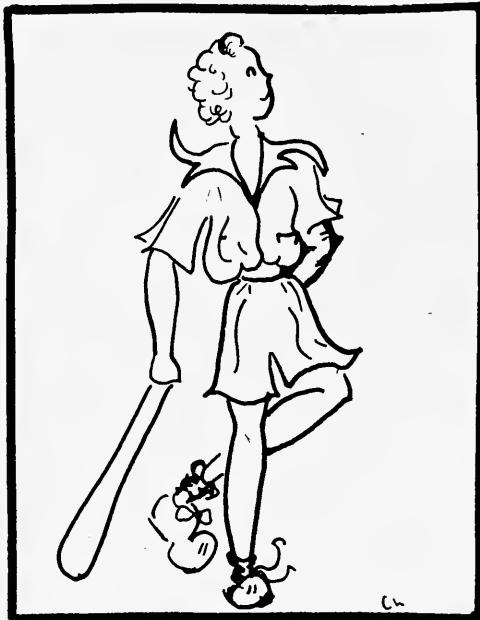
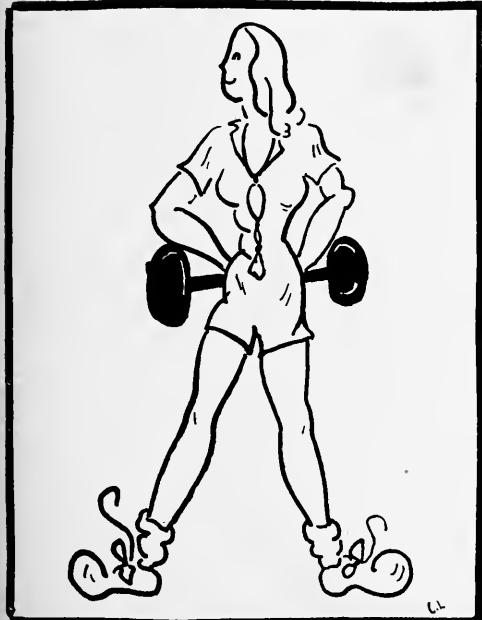
The auto motor pounded and suddenly wheezed to a stop on a lonely road.

"I wonder what that knock is," mused the soldier who drove it.

"Maybe," said his blonde companion, "it's opportunity."

—Field News

M i s s F i t s





SIMONE

LION FEUCHTWANGER, *The Viking Press*, 1944,
\$2.50.

DO you think dreams come true? If not, read *Simone*, to whom this happens. It is the story of a French girl, an orphan child, who had always been a slave to her grandmother's every wish. Simone found in her dreams an expression of her desire to do something worthwhile.

Her beloved France was being overrun by the German armies, and no one seemed to have the courage to try to hold them back. Because of a dream, fifteen year old Simone did something beyond the courage of the remaining French armies, and, as in her dreams, she became a heroine to the people of France.

This dream of Simone's put her in the place of another young French patriot. She had seen herself as a modern Joan of Arc, and, taking courage in the thought of what Joan did for France, she did what she saw as her part. She realized the fate of Joan of Arc, and she realized the punishment that most likely would be inflicted upon her, but in France she believed, and for France she did all she could.

Her punishment was hard, and the years ahead of her were dark, but Simone saw hope for France. She had added to that hope, and though she must suffer, she was proud.

MARTHA RUSSELL EAST
Class of '47

Worth Investigating

prop up on these

THE BELLS OF ST. IVAN'S

ROBERT SPENCER CARR, *Appleton-Century Co.*,
1944, \$2.00.

OFTEN today Americans regard Russians with raised eyebrows and fearful questions in their mind; we simply don't trust them. Robert Carr, however, does his bit to familiarize us with these great people. In following the fascinating travels of a young American Red Cross worker in Russia, we learn, through Mr. Carr, the attitudes of our great ally towards Stalin, German, Britain, and the United States. Something of rationing, hardships, backbone (both physical and moral), and religion appears. The presence of the lovely young dancer adds a mysterious, romantic element to the story.

The plot is interesting and swiftly moving enough to hold the attention of the reader from the first page to the last. History, social science, sociology, political issues, mystery, romance—all in one book—make this one of the best novels to come from the Russian sector of the second World War.

CONNIE OZLIN
Class of '46

FAIR STOOD THE WIND FOR FRANCE

H. E. BATES, *Boston, Little, Brown & Co.*, 1944,
\$2.50.

FERE is another—and yet not just another—story from the battle lines. Bates, in this enlightening book, takes us immediately into occupied but once peaceful France. He lets us travel by air with a crew of English army pilots until they

WORTH INVESTIGATING

are rudely halted by the crash of the plane somewhere in rural France. As one might suppose, the story is much more exciting from this point forward. The author gives a truly engrossing story of one particular pilot, Franklin—of his stay at a French country home, of his love for a beautiful French maiden there, and of his undercover journey with her back to England.

The author describes the charms of the French country-side, and he demonstrates that the French are true lovers of nature.

The book also throws light on the quaint customs of these people. In short, we are taught to love France.

The main contribution of this story is its revelation of the sufferings and perilous conditions caused by a war of invasion. The French are numbered among those who suffer. The book shows how useless, how utterly uncivilized, this thing called war really is.

JANE ANDERSON
Class of '46

Home Was Never Like This

Continued from Page 12

hundred Swiss guards stay in the Vatican City. Their colorful uniforms are a tradition."

"Rome is hardly touched by the war except for shortages of food and transportation. Prices are high, but for the first time in two years I saw merchandise in quantity for sale."

"A few streetcars are still running. And there are horsedrawn hacks to get around in. The civilians get around on bicycles, or on motorcycles with two wheels to the back on which is a platform with its sides built up to keep them from falling out. When the driver stops, he puts down some ladder-like steps for his passengers to use in getting in or out. It certainly looks funny to see around twenty people on a motorcycle and the little motor puffing and blowing under the strain."

"Water is rationed but I think they get enough to get by on. Electricity comes on every fourth night and candles are used the rest of the time."

—Cpl. J. J. Duckworth

"When we arrived in France we had a chicken dinner—it was a grand reception, but we ended up with K rations and sleeping on the ground. My main outfit these days is brown high-top shoes, leggings, and a combat suit and helmet. I would love to put on a skirt and a sissy blouse once again."

"Our trip over was on sort of a luxury liner and lots of fun. The French landscape is quite beau-

tiful. Some of the towns are pretty much demolished, but others are still untouched, quite picturesque with beautiful gardens."

"I am furious I wasn't a scholar of French. I don't believe I'll do too badly, for on our way here a tiny French lad ran out to the truck and said, 'Any gum chew?'"

Marjorie M. Booton, American Red Cross,
To Miss Virginia Bedford, Somewhere in France.

* * * * *

"As you probably know, I'm in France now. And things have so far been quite peaceful, with only noises, not bullets and bombs, flying around. It is very pretty country here, in many places somewhat like different parts of Virginia.

Paris is a lovely city. If it's ever possible, I shall return and spend two or three months there. It would be well worth time and expense.

Versailles is pretty in spots, and some of the buildings and gardens are quite impressive. However, Paris is the best yet.

Do me a favor and send me some cigarettes. And if you'll tell Mom I asked, she'll help you fill the five pound quota. I can use all the smokes you can send, both for me and to trade for fresh vegetables and fruits in the countryside.

Pvt. Ben Moomaw
To Mary Farley Wallace

Dutch East Indies
October 15, 1944

"I'm now living in a pill box with high mounds of dirt and sand bags surrounding our house-cave dwellers. Six of us live here plus our rats, ants, spiders, snakes, and other good friends too numerous to mention. Each of us has his turn on watch, and let me tell you what a scare I had the

Continued on Page 31

Autumn Wind

ROBERTA DAVIS

In the vastness of the sky
Soundeth Nature's lullaby.

Hear it moving through the trees,
Tussling, playing with the leaves.

Blowing hard from here and there,
Bringing blust'ry days, and fair.

Like a vast caressing wing,
Yet a vexing, mystic thing.

Not the fairies, nor our kind,
But Autumn's lullaby, the wind.

• • •

Winter Twilight

MARGARET HARVIE

When dusk begins to lower on the town
A deepening silence softly settles down;
And frosty windows gleaming through the
cold,
Make on the snowy lawn their glints of
gold,
Then the frozen twilight casts its spell,
And faintly chimes the distant evening bell

SPARKLING SPEECH

With a hop, skip and jump she did her work. You know what I mean.

—Anonymous

* ♦ *

She has a one track mind-built especially for men.

—Anonymous about Anonymous

* ♦ *

Men! The only problem I don't mind trying to solve.

* ♦ *

Breakfast—A meal of regrets:

1. For having come to it.
2. That you didn't hit the hay sooner.
3. That you didn't do your assignments.

* ♦ *

She had a mouth that could put a bell-clapper to shame.

—Shirley Easterly

* ♦ *

There's nothing wrong with her—she's just not the effervescent type!

For so long she and Paul had lived in separate worlds—in worlds too far apart to be reached by a 6c air mail stamp.

—Alice M. Hannah

-*- ♦ -*-

Truth — something that just can't be knocked around.

—Margaret Ellett

* ♦ *

Those air mail letters held the bread of life for her.

—Alice M. Hannah

* ♦ *

Before her wound of homesickness had healed she reopened it by going home.

—A Freshman

* ♦ *

They sat in companionable silence.

—Susan Dickinson

* ♦ *

I have heard so much about the Rotunda. It stands for a place where friends meet.

—Betty Shepherd

STC GIRLS WELCOME AT—

Dorothy May Store

Clothes for all Occasions

Farmville's Largest and Best

Dept. Store

DAVIDSON'S

"The House of Quality"

What Rats Wrote About

(Ed. Note: Every year during that period known as "Rat Week", S. T. C. Freshmen are duly initiated into College life. Directed by the Sophomores, they turn their efforts to many useful accomplishments. Among these is the writing of themes on various deep and intellectual topics. Here are a few of such themes, printed for the benefit of the general public.)

Why Is a Duck?

WHY is a duck? Well, in my reasearch on this delicate and intellecual subject, I have traced the family tree back, duck by duck, but will have to admit that I am stuck. How did those two get on Noah's Ark? Oh, I almost forgot; you're asking me. In the first place, our ponds and lakes are so much more attractive with beautiful yellow and white ducks swimming in and out among the waves. They are so cute anyway! Another reason is that we would not be able to have pictures of ducks, for how can people draw ducks, when there *are* no ducks? "The lark now leaves his watery nest, and, climbing shakes his dewey wings" . . . And what do ducks do? They just waddle!

RAT CHOLENA RICHARDS

Why the Rotunda Is Round?

THE main reason for having the Rotunda round is to prevent necking in the corners, but this probably wasn't such a good idea after all; it seems that pitching woo occurs there anyway. Not only that, but I'm sure every S. T. C. girl has noticed that the Rotunda has just as many, if not more, corners than any other room in the college. Therefore, if the Rotunda is not round, why should it be called the Rotunda, and also why is *The Rotunda* called the Rotunda when it certainly isn't round either. All of which is repetitious and leaves us right where we started. Then there's the house that doesn't fly, the porch that doesn't swing, the fire that doesn't truck, and the floor that won't get board. As anyone can see, this proves that things are not what they seem, and I'm probably not me, but Joe Blow, or- Katie Hepburn.

Bring on my straight-jacket!

RAT SCOTT

Why Ships Are Called She

WELL, why not call ships she? Biologically, they are neither male nor female. In gender they are quite definitely neuter, having no human traits of any kind. However, as it is an accepted custom and considered good English to call ships she, let us consider the question of *why*.

Handed down to us from the days of the Vikings and other early peoples who traveled by water is the idea of having a figure-head at the stern of all their boats to ward off evil spirits. These figure-heads were usually the head and waist of a woman; therefore originated the idea of ships being spoken of as she.

Our ships' crews are always men. What is there that will draw men more quickly than objects of feminine gender? However, I've been told ships are called she because it takes so much power and paint to keep them ship-shape and in sailing order. So, we have the solution of why ships are she.

RAT LORENE HAYNES

Why Pigs Have Curly Tails

LITTLE pigs with curly tails" is a famous quotation among everybody. When you stop to think what this quotation means, you see why this is a famous quotation.

Pigs with curly tails are very cute. Perhaps that is why they have them. People admire those pigs for that. There certainly isn't anything else cute about a pig except his tail. Yet, when you really do stop to think why they have curly tails, you can hardly find an answer. Maybe it got caught in a screen door when it was born—who knows. Maybe its mother puts it up in curlers every night to make people admire it every day. Or it could be, it gets a permanent every year. All of these things can make little pigs' tails curly. Could this answer your question?

RAT MURPHY

Years of Honor

Continued from Page 14

ing those next few moments. They knew that all of those things about which their lives had been built were in the process of being destroyed. With every brutal slash of a saber one more fine old portrait was being mutilated — one more priceless piece of mahogany woodwork was being ruined, and one more part of their lives was being destroyed. Yet neither Tom Harper nor his wife moved from his respective place before the mantel. Except for one stifled sob from Mrs. Harper, the room was silent. The Yankees upstairs were the dregs of the North, and therefore beneath the dignity of a gentleman's address.

Quietly Mr. Harper and his wife waited until approached by the slightly built man, who appeared to be the leader of the Yankee detail. After a few terse questions as to the whereabouts of the horses and cows and pigs—and of the valuable old silver, which he understood to be a part of every Southern home, his eyes stopped in their rapid survey of the room and gazed above the fireplace. Natural curiosity prompted him to turn the portrait. As he stared at the face of the man painted there, a slow light of recognition dawned in his eyes.

Turning abruptly toward the group behind him, his voice clipped dangerously: "May I inquire, sir, why this portrait of Colonel Stuart Harper has been turned with its face to the wall?"

Tom Harper's voice as he replied was filled with a contempt that was lost on his pompous visitor. "Sir, when my son turned his back to the South, I turned his face to the wall."

The words were dramatic, perhaps even childish. But Tom Harper felt no need for apology. His son had disgraced him.

Such was the character of Tom Harper—a product of centuries of pride, dignity, and arrogance.

Several members of the detail having finished their looting came into the library during this last speech. They listened with evident disapproval to the next words of

their captain: "Sir, I will not burn a house in which hangs a portrait of Colonel Harper. It had been my intention to destroy the house after we had taken from it all that we wanted. You can thank your son that it will remain standing."

Utterly ignorant of Tom Harper's type the soldier was totally unprepared for what followed.

Slowly, stiffly, but with unwavering purpose, Tom Harper approached the mantel, lifted the portrait from its place, and walked with it to the door. The soldiers, unwilling to interrupt until his purpose became clear, followed him to a small mill-pond a few yards to the back of the house. There, before it could be rescued by the outraged Yankee onlookers, the portrait of Stuart Harper was dropped into the muddy water. Slowly it sank, and Tom Harper watched until the last bubble had disappeared. Then, turning suddenly on his heel, he faced the open-mouthed men. "I will not have my house, my life, or anything I possess saved by a damned traitor."

* * * * *

Here, the old man paused in his story, and lost himself in thought as he puffed the last ember from his pipe.

"My child", he said finally, "you may have listened to this story; you may have fallen asleep. You may have admired Tom Harper for his courage, or you may have despised him for his insufferable stubbornness. But I love his memory, because what he stood for has been bred into me. I cannot say whether he was right, or wrong. But the men who faced him at that moment saw in him something noble and courageous — something which they themselves could not understand, nor possess. They could not hope to understand the intensity of feeling which was so much a part of these men of the Old South. Yet they stood in awe before it!"

"You are now sitting upon the steps of the porch of Tom Harper's home. It is standing, and will stand as long as traditions remain. Such honor, loyalty, pride—our heritages from the Old South — can never die. They make-up the good life."

The Patriotic Venture

Continued from Page 10

they were filing the photo, and we were getting the baby!

We had more to worry about than our Ward, though. The Senior class was practicing for a play and the annual was coming out, and the spring term was as busy as all the rest of the year put together. And worst of all, our Home Ec. teacher, who was supposed to get married as soon as school was out, had had a bust-up with her fiance. That really had us upset, 'cause he used to take us in his car on skating parties and the like, as we liked him fine, and thought they would make a perfect husband and wife. So we had plenty to think about besides little English Elsa, and time went by faster than ever.

Then came the telegram. It was from the New York Bureau and gave me some mighty explicit instructions.

I read it over the phone to Judy: "Parcel forwarded charge Red Cross Matron train 34 stop. Meet and take charge immediately!"

"What do you think, Judy? They sure are choosy with their old pictures. Red Cross Matron! We'd better go quick; it's 4:30 now!"

At that we were late. We watched them unload the baggage car, and we checked with the express office and we watched the train pull out and leave us. Judy made me go inquire at the ticket office as to the next section, and finally we dragged on into the baggage waiting rooms to talk to the baggage man.

"You Patricia Lawrence?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Huh. Lot to this here business I don't understand. C'mon in here an' git this young 'un outta my way. Gotta lotta work to do. Got no time to spend playing boogiemani to a fat young 'un."

Judy and I gasped at each other in utter high-schoolish horror.

"Pat, do you 'spose . . . Patsy, do you reckon . . . ?"

"Oh, Judy . . . look back there on that trunk!"

Elsa Osbourne took her thumb out of her mouth and gazed back at us with a vacant stare. She was perched atop a huge trunk that rested on its side against the inner wall of the ticket office. And someone had taken great care to block her in with more trunks, so she couldn't possibly fall. She wasn't fat; she was chubby and healthy looking, and she was a pretty baby. But all I could think of was "Mentality: fair" . . . and of the way she was staring at Judy and me. I'd never seen a moron, but Elsa didn't look right bright.

"Judy, we've got to be careful. She must be a victim of shell-shock, and we've got to be careful. Oh, the poor little crazy thing. Suppose she's deaf or something awful! We'll have to be *ever* so careful. We've GOT to be *careful!*"

By this time Judy was staring at me as though I weren't quite right, either, but I kept on babbling about the "poor little crazy thing." Finally I made Judith understand that the baby had probably been in such a horrible raid that she couldn't be quite all there. We didn't dare touch her, and the station agent just stood there gaping impolitely and wondering where the three of us had escaped from.

I gulped, and I addressed the infant.

"Are you hungry, Elsa?"

"Ergle, ahhhhh!"

"Would you like to have some food?" Here I made motions of eating, thinking she was a foreigner and naturally couldn't understand English!

"Ergle, ahhhhhooooo . . .".

"Pat, you're bats. She can't talk, and she doesn't know what food is. What are we gonna DO with her?"

"Well, do sumpin' quick," growled the hateful old station agent, "and get that fat brat outta here. I gotta close up: got no time to waste with three crazy young 'uns. You gotta sign for that there fat brat and then I gotta close up. C'mon . . . git a move on."

By this time I *was* bats. It suddenly struck me that you can't keep a real live baby in a cage in the Home Ec. Department along with the white mice and quinea pigs, and I, too, began to wonder what we were

THE COLONNADE

to do next. So as usual, we went to Mother to find out.

We took turns carrying the baby, and it was I who remarked that she was the chunkiest kid I'd ever seen.

"Pat, let's call her 'Chunky' instead of Elsa," said Judy. "I hate that name, and she's much too cute to be called Elsa. Hey, 'Chunky' . . . smile for Judy!"

"Chunky" smiled, and "Chunky" she became.

*** *** *** ***

After weeks of newspaper interviews and photographers and magazine correspondents, we all settled down again, and Chunky had become Public Figure Number One. I was no judge of character, and neither was the person in England who had judged her I. Q. That kid was a genius. She hadn't been at our house a week before she could smile us into anything, and Pop worshipped the ground she crawled on. Miss Lacey thought the parents in town ought to share the responsibility and take turns keeping her, but lots of folks said too many changes of environment would be bad for her. And as I was an only child, Mom and Pop said it might do me good to have her there. After I found out she was normal, it suited me fine and I strutted around like a mother hen, posing for "Life" and writing weekly reports to the Orphan's Bureau Office in New York. Judy came over and helped us a great deal. We painted

my old play room over and made a nursery out of it. And we kept a scrap-book of all the clippings about her as well as her hand print and foot-print and all the snapshots the girls took of her.

She loved everybody, and cried very, very little. All she ever said was "Ergleahhhh . . ." and she said that with a British accent, but she was the happiest kid I ever saw. And when she won first prize in a baby contest, maybe you think the Home Ec club didn't pop a few buttons off. Miss Lacey adored her, and we made it a point to invite her Tom over as often as we could when we knew she'd be there, too.

One day Mom left Miss Lacey and Tom there alone together. She asked them if they minded staying with "Chunky" while she and I went shopping. I objected seriously. I had no intentions of going shopping, and I knew Mom hadn't, either. She gave me a familiar high-sign, though, and I shut up . . . and went shopping. We got back and walked in to see Tom and Miss Lacey in a good movie clinch, and Chunky saying "Ergleahhhh . . ." quite approvingly. I was so happy I could have kissed anything in sight; so I kissed Chunky and got ergleahhed over all the more.

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Home Was Never Like This

Continued from Page 23

other night."

"We live in a banana grove and in the trees to the left of our tent there came a tramping noise. It was dark and we had double guard. The noise kept coming closer and closer. We had heard some boys fire about a half an hour before this and what ever it was had time to get to our position. We heard lots of footsteps, and figured there were hundreds of Japs out there. Our machine gun was all set to mow them down, and I had a grenade in each hand. We were quiet and tense when suddenly out jumped a little white dog with four big cows following him. We breathed a sigh of relief, but were going to kill the cows anyway when we happened to think how angry the natives would be since the cow is their sacred animal."

Cpl. Robert Wagner
To Theresa Hutt

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—Roger

* * * * *

Girls who know all the answers are those who have been out with questionable men.

—The Eagle Eye

* * * * *

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Sal: "Well, right now it's a lieutenant in the Medical Corps."

—Baxter Bugle

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THE COLONNADE

The Patriotic Venture

Continued from Page 30

After school let out, most of the gang went away for the summer, the novelty of having Chunky wore off, and I began to see that the care of her was getting Mom down. She wasn't as young nor as strong as she had been when I was Chunky's age, and she had a lot else to do besides. It was all I could do to make myself help her, but we loved the kid so, nobody complained. Pop got a little disgruntled when we had to change vacation plans on account of the baby, but he was the last one in the world who would have said anything.

One afternoon Judy and I came in from a movie and found Tom and Miss Lacey there. We sat on the porch with a pitcher of lemonade, but we couldn't help hearing something of what they were saying.

"Really, Mrs. Lawrence," said Tom, "we know it's asking a lot of you to give her up after you've had her four months or more and have been through all you've been through fixing things over and all, but I'm going in the army this fall, and Miss Lacey . . . well, Ann . . . and I are getting married, and we thought it would be nice if we started our family off this way, so I'd have more than ever to come back to."

Miss Lacey laughed, a little embarrassed at the way he put it, but we understood, and so did Mom. And Miss Lacey added, "It isn't as if we'd be kidnapping her altogether . . . Tom and I will start house-keeping here in town, and after he leaves I'll still be here teaching. The girls can help me with Chunky as they've helped

you, and I'm sure it'll work out." I guess I was the only one who detected the relief in Mom's voice as she heartily agreed to Tom's and Miss Lacey's plans.

So that's the way it is. Tom's away at War, and I'm going away to school this fall. Mom's better than she's been in ages, and Pop has had his vacation as planned. Miss Lacey . . . I mean Mrs. Tom . . . and Chunky live in a cute little cottage with Miss Lacey's sister whose husband is also away at war, and those two would be lost without that baby!

Judy and I are going to room together at college. We've framed lots of the "Life" pictures of us together with Chunky, and we intend to cause quite a stir with stories how it all came about. The only thing is, we agreed that we'd never talk about Judy's wild speech at that famous Home Ec club meeting.

Do we miss Chunky at our house? You know it! But we know she's better off and so are we, and except for when I thought she was a moron, there have been no regrets at all about our Big Patriotic Venture. As for Chunky herself, she's learning to say more these days. She says "Pat-sy" and "Joo-dy" and a couple of other phrases, and she says "You-all" in true Southern style. But do you know something? When that kid looks up if you catch her by surprise, or if she's pleased about something, you can't forget that she's proud of her own native land. She's ours for keeps, and she'll grow up an American . . . but when she says "Ergleahhhh . . .", she still says it with a British accent!

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